With Unconscious Humor He Entertains Us Mightily.

BETTER THAN A SHOW.

Futile Efforts of Ronan, "De : Bowery Peach," to Speak.

The spelibinder is abroad in the land. Every night the city is enveloped in a pink haze of oratory. The tendency of man to "shoot off his mouth," as the poet says, is given free vent by the opportunities of politics. The men who run the spellbinder branches at the various headquarters are accumulating white hairs and haggard visages, and the poor voter is wondering if we hadn't better chuck up the whole system of government and let the prowling jackals of public life do their

It was hard to walk ten blocks through any of the thickly populated sections of New York Saturday night and miss from one to three gorgeously decorated trucks ontaining very bad bands and more or less bad orators. On one corner Tammany would be denounced, while across the street a Tammany orator would hold Mr. . Roosevelt up to scorn and Tom Platt up to anything. And the spellbinder roared and snorted and believed and howled and yelled and screamed and accumulated amazement at the unerring instinct of the promoters of outdoor political meetings in

planting them directly under the L roads. Mr. T. Ronan, "De Bowery Peach,"

been a star performer at a linguistic mance at One Hundred and Fifteenth and Third avenue. It is meeting was running, and a spell-reformer of her name of Nerney was adong the crowd from the tail end of a whenever the "L" trains gave him a country to be heard. Ronata climbed on the and was joyfully greeted. It was ged that he was to follow Norney, ney finished and left the truck, and took his place. Just then there was almotion in the crowd and Congress-Low, who is a candidate for re-electrons. The crowd yelled "Low!" and Ronan had to take a back the was happening on the "L" tracks. As the strode along with uplifted eyes he stumbled against McCullagh, and probably in out of his path. McCullagh, of course, was somewhat interrupted. The Superintendent of Elections, turned quickly around, recognized the Senator, hesitated and finally passed on without a word.

"Yes." said Senator Sullivan, yesterday, the Metamora Club, on the Bowery, "It is perfectly true that McCullagh is work-



Senator Sullivan-Yes, I saw him; I just looked over his head. From a Snap Shot Taken for the Journal.

sulting his Itinerary Ronan found he had been advertised to make a hover on Ninth avenue, near one trd and Twenty-fourth street. He ned thither and found that the meet ad been transferred. Unable to find are diligent search he again consulted herary and discovered that he was to been a star performer at a linguistic rmance at one Hundred and Fifteenth t and Third avenue.

D. Sullivan was swinging along the Bowers, bowing and shaking hands with his constituents, when a closed cab rattled up to the curb and stopped. Superintendent McCullagh and a couple of deputies alighted. Senator Sullivan caught sight of the party and became interested in something that was happeaing on the "L" tracks. As the strode along with uplifted eyes he stumbled against McCullagh, and probably in

1 "Low!" is perfectly true that McCullagh is work-ew talked ing for me, and his efforts have been en-

Central Labor Union Votes Down an Anti-Political Resolution.

FAKIRS ARE DENOUNCED.

Delegate Johnson Declarea That the Democratic Party Is Friendly to Labor.

SOCIALIST CANDIDATE PRESENT.

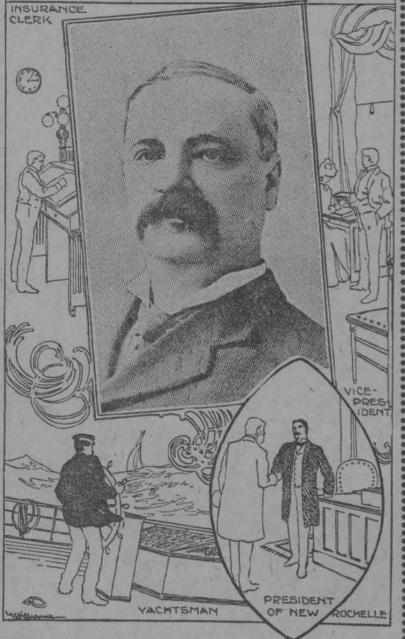
He is Allowed to Speak, and Declares What He Would Do if He Were Elected Governor.

made last week to invite the respective candidates for Governor to appear before the Central Labor Union and declare their views regarding labor measures, and the invitations were not sent out. The secretary was sick, yet the central body got into

a perfect whirl of politics yesterday. Candidate Benjamin Hanford, of the Socialist Labor party, came uninvited, under the supposition that Augustus Van Wyck and Theodore Roosevelt had been. Delegate Farley, of the Hexagon Labor Club, was chairman.

The question of politics was introduced in the shape of the following resolutions passed by the Stereotyper's Union, which the Central Labor Union was asked to in-





John Quincy Underhill.

Congressional Candidate in the Sixteenth Believes in the Journal's National Platform.

No more loyal supporter of the Journal's national' policy exists than John Quiney Underhill, Democratic candidate for Congress in the Sixteenth District. He is certain of election because of his party's unity and the Republican party's democralized condition. J. Irving Burns, of Yonkers, is Underhill's opponent and the local Platt leader as well, while Representative Ward of Portchester, controls the anti-Platt wing.

Messers, Burns and Ward are quarrelling at a great rate, while the popular Mr. Under-

Congressman William Sulzer Is Everywhere but Where You Are.

BUSY DAY AND NIGHT.

He Keeps Moving So Rapidly That the Way to Find Him Is to Stand Still.

A big, stout man with a gray mustache and a red necktle stood on the steps of Tammany Hali and to him the inquiry was

"Billy Suizer? Certainly," he said. "You will find him at the club at Fourteenth street and Second avenue. He's always there this time on Sundays."

The seeker made a note of the time in order to locate the Congressman in case of future need. It was 4 o'clock. Proceeding east to the club house evidences of the Congressman were visible on every hand in the shape of lituographs bearing his fea-

tures and this inscription:
WILLIAM SULZER.
He is the workingman's friend.
He is for home rule.
He lives in the district.

These cards were evidently printed before E. A. McAlpin, who lives in Sing Sing, withdrew from the race for Congress. little knot of men were engaging the sleps

"You'll find Sulzer Inside," they said Inside was blue with tobacco sm Men sat everywhere. Pictures of the "Workingman's Friend," lined the walls.



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